HARTFORD, KY., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1896.

NO. 46.



ASK the recovered fever and ague, the mercurial diseased patient, how they re-covered neath, cheer-ful spirits and good appetite; they will tell you by taking Six-sions Liver Recu-lators.

Por DYSPEPSIA. CONSTIPATION, Jaun-lies, Billous attacks, SICK HEADACHE, Colle, Copression of Spirits, SOUR STOMACH, leartburn, etc. This unrivalled remedy is varranted not to contain a single particle of descure, or any mineral substance, but is PURELY VEGETABLE,

PURRLY VEGETABLE,
containing those Southern Roots and Herbs
which an all-wise Providence has placed in
countries where Liver Diseases most prevail.
It will cure all Diseases caused by Derangemeat of the Liver and Bowels.

The SYMPTOMS of Liver Complaint are a
litter or bad taste in the mouth; Pain in the
Back, Sides or Joints, othen mistaken for Rheumatism; Sour Stomach; Loss of Appetite;
Bowels alternately costive and laz; Headlache;
Loss of Memory, with a painful sensation of
having failed to do something which ought to
have been done; Debility; Law Spirits, a thick
yellow appearance of the Skin and Eyes, a dry
Cough often mistaken for Consumption.

Bometimes many of these symptoms attend
the disease, at others very few; but the Liver
is generally the seat of the disease, and if not
Regulated in time, great suffering, wretchedness and DEATH will enaue.

The following highly esteemed persons attest
to the virtues of Simmons Liver Regulator,
Gen. W. S. Holt, Pres. Go. S. W. R. R. Co.; Rev.,
J. R. Felder, Perry, Ga.; Col. E. K. Sparks, Alhany, Ga.; C. Masterson, Esq., Sheriff Bibb Co.
Ga., Hon. Alexander H. Stephen.

"We have tested its virtues, personally, and
Throbbing Headache it is the best medicine the
before Simmons Liver Regulator, but none gave
us mere than temporary relief; but the Regulater not only relieved, but cured us. "En

Tellegraphy And Massaroura, Macon, Ga.

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F. L. FELIX, ATTORNEY AT LAW, For sick headache, dyspepsia.

HERALD-\$1.00 y'r. an absolute cure.

THE OLD THANKSUIVING DAYS. Sitting ellent by the window while the even-

ing's fading beam
Turns to lonely gray the winter's silvered
say.
Not a voice to break the reverse of thought's too pensive dresm.

Not a footstep, only memory and I,

From the past the vell seems lifted, and I am
a child once more.

On the hearth again the old time fagots

blaze.

Hushi Again I hear the voices of the guests
about the door
In the greetings of the old Thanksgiving

All the air outside is frosty, and in gusts the bitthe winds blow, And I hear the distant sleigh bells faintly

the parring stirring enow.
Like the brushing of a passing angel's wing.
But within, oh, see the faces that are smiling
round the board!
How they shine with love and gratitude and

That was years ago, and curfews for the loved have rung since then.
As tonight I watch the dawning evening star in my dreams I see the mansions Christ prepared in heaven for men.
It is there tonight the absent kindred are. It is there their feast is ready, and I hold the fonce dear.

gazo, And perhaps they, too, are dreaming, as they see me sitting here. Of the sweetness of the old Thanksgiving -Philadelphia Ledger.

JEM HASTINGS' LUCK. The Widow Wilson's farm had seen better and more prosperous days and now was traveling backward. It began at the top of Brindle hill, where it was bounded by the county road, and strag-

terminated at the bay, with its rim of white and glistening sand. One of the most picturesque spots of earth, and right in the center of it, crowning a rounded knoll, surrounded stalwart oaks and butternuts,

quatted the house of its owner. It was always a difficult spot to reach in winter, when the drifting snows piled high their white billows against the low eaved structure and hid the summer it was a delight, this moss brown dwelling beneath the oaks, and at one time had been a home around whose hearthstone had gathered sons

Now it was desolate. The pas stranger would have but added it to the category of deserted farms. No sign of life was visible this bright Thanksgiving morning. From its wide, paneled chimney no curl of smoke invaded the crisp and frosty air. The light fall of snow that had covered the ground the and turkeys wandered disconsolately about. In the adjacent stall an old horse stamped impatiently for his break-fast and a forlorn cow chafed restlessly at her stanchions. Except for these the old farm was as silent as when its first owner carved it from the virgin wilderness. A rustling of the shrubbery that the hill beyond the barn told that a visitor was coming to Lonely farm. A hu-man head appeared in sight. It was crowned by a woolen cap, from beneath which peered a pair of black, bright eyes. Their owner took off the cap and mopped his brow. He was a rugged country lad of 18, well knit and sturdy, with a

pair of ruddy cheeks, white teeth and lips rosy, but with a droop of sadness. New England, always hard to her children, had taken from this boy the home and mother that make Thanks

widow all but the wretched framework of what had once been home. "House looks like mother's used to after she got so she couldn't get about, ' soliloquized the boy, staring at the smokeless chimney. "I'll bet there ain't been nobody near the widder in a week, and I'll bet, while I'm a-bettin, that she

needs somebody. Guess I'll find out what's the matter." He strode down to the house knocked. There was no response. Only the crow in the oak tree was disturbed by the unwonted noise and flew away, with a caw of alarm. A second knock startled the fowl in the barnyard which greeted him with a suppressed chuckle, but there was no answer from within. "Guess I might's well go in." He pushed open the the crazy door and entered the room which served as kitchen and sitting room all in one. A table stood in the center of it, covered with a snowy cloth and set as if for supper. A tall clock ticked in the corner under the

stairs, but its rhythmic beats only seemed to make the silence audible. "It seems kinder creepy, that's a fact. Hops there ain't nothin happened to her. Wonder where she is? P'rhaps she's

He rapped loudly, and then put his ear down to the kexhole, listening in-**Tutt's Pills** Cure All

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tently. At first there was no respons Then he thought he heard a faint, quavering voice,
"It's me—Jem Hastings. I've come

to see if you need anybody."
"Come in." The feeble voice struggled with a cough. Then: "Yes, I'm so glad you've come. I was taken faint yesterday and had just strength enough o crawl to bed. Perhaps"-What, an you ain't had nothin

'No," with a feeble smile,

"Well, if you'll let me try, I'll make a cup of tea." Jem closed the door, set his gun in a corner and looked around for the place in which the widow kept her stores. The dressers rapged against the wall were bright with old fashioned pewter platters and china. Here he found a caddy of tea and then set about making

praise!

Hinshed the voices are a moment for the thanking of the Lord

In the blessings of the old Thanksgiving days.

That was years ago, and curfews for the loved have rung since then. snow Jem soon had some dry wood, with which he made a roaring blaze. It was of seeing the kettle send forth a volume of steam, and a few minutes later he tapped again at the bedroom door with tray, on it a tempting cup of tea and two well buttered slices of bread.

Wrapped in a shawl of Canton silk, the heirloom of a grandmother whose father once sailed from Salem to the Indies, the widow sank back into her comfortable armchair with a deep sigh of content. She closed her eyes from sheer weakness, while Jem tiptoed about the room, "setting things to rights" and preparing the table for a prospective meal. To be sure there was very little in sight, but he had faith that there might be something in the cellar and in the cupboards, for the widow was known in the township to dred acres or so wandering over hills and dipping into hollows until they have been a "good pervider" in her

> 'You've made me very happy, Jemvery thankful." Well, ma'am, I'm glad of it. It's "What! Really Thanksgiving day?

It's the first time I've forgotten it-Jem grew bolder. There's a turkey out in the barn-He ain't very fat, but if you say so I'll help you fix a turkey dinner." The widow urged no objection, and both fascinated at the prospect of a Thanksgiving dinner, with themselves

out to the barn.

Some sticks of hard wood were soon piled on the fire, and by the time Sir Turkey was ready for the oven the widow had peeled the vegetables and opped them into the mysterious depths of the steaming kettles, Jem looking on with glowing but bashful appreciation. snowy cloth over a round table,

dessert of fragrant quince preserves. for it all." "May God bless you! And to think

by your coming!"

Jem turned to the window to hide

The farm is running down for the lack of some one to oversee out of doors. So, then, it is a bargain."

ment that came to quite \$500.

As the spring opened he was soon afield, continuing the good work of improvement, and "planting time" found the farm with more and earlier labor At Oripple Oreek, Colo., and elseperformed than it had ever before experienced. In front of the western door

in all the world than this from your front door. If there is, then it is right there, down in the woods, where the great trees meet overhead, the brook sings a soft song of rest and the ferr covered banks stretch down to the pond. I never traveled any yet, but I don't want to. This mits me." And he returned to his work with a cheery whis-

through the widow's heart. A wonderful change had been effecte by the time another year had relied another Thanksgiving into the calendar.
The roof of the old house no longer leaked. The barn had been raised from its attitude of deep dejection, and its mows were crowded to bursting with hay and grain. The old horse spent his days chiefly in the pasture, while a younger and more vigorous animal did he work, assisted by a yoke of big and handsome oxen. The solitary cow now had plenty of company, and frisky calves gamboled about her in the summer time. There was no longer any doubt as to the availability of any of the fat gob-

blers for a Thanksgiving dinner.

Thus the seasons succeeded one another with their measure of content. Each found the widow more and more dependent upon her stalwart helper. She clung to him as she might have clung to the son of whom she had been deprived in the springtime of her wife-hood. As her tettering footsteps were supported down the aisle of the village church on a Sunday few of the congregation knew that the handsome young man who watched over her so assidu-ously was not in fact her own son. Those who were cognizant of the rela-tions between the two shook their heads knowingly, saying to themselves and to each other: "Lucky boy that! Step-ped right into the farm just as the old lady was about to leave it. He knows

the side of his bread that has the butter But it is doubtful if Jem had ever giren that a thought; so happy and content was he that the merely material onditions of his life had never troubled his consciousness. Only one thing trou bled his thoughts of late. He was deep ly stirred by the soft, brown eyes of pretty Susie Jones, a chorister in the church—Susie, who lived, as he had done, with friends for board and keep—

nother of New England's orphana. He never mentioned this daring spec lation, not even to the widow. But her eyes, though growing dim, were acute enough to penetrate his honest soul. His whole life lay centered in the farm, which had become as essential to it al-most as the air he breathed. But now as host and hostess, the boy trudged

And so it came to pass that there was and so it came to pass that there was a wedding next Thankagiving in the little cottage, now pretty with vines and cheery within. Susie was glad of side of Pullman are much agitated as servant, dressed in white; next so pleasant a place for the troth which over the danger of losing all they have night before showed no trace of footsteps leading from the weather beaten
door. And yet there was a stir of life
in the farmyard, in the hollow among
the trees, where the old barn tottered,
ready for its fall. There a flock of fowl
ready for its fall. There a flock of fowl
harder than that of the lonely widow

above the trace of the track with two seats opposite each other, is
she was to plight with Jem, while he,
lucky fellow though he was, could not
take time to trace of footwhen the train was dark he—that horwhen the train was dark he—that horwise to plight with Jem, while he,
lucky fellow though he was, could not
take time to travel to Susia's home, far
in the farmyard, in the hollow among
the trace of footwhen the train was dark he—that horwise the was to plight with Jem, while he,
lucky fellow though he was, could not
take time to travel to Susia's home, far
away over the rough, hilly roads. "A
wife's a good thing." he remarked to
the purchasing power of the gold dolwhen the train was dark he—that horwise the was to plight with Jem, while he,
lucky fellow though he was, could not
take time to travel to Susia's home, far
away over the rough, hilly roads. "A
wife's a good thing." he remarked to
the purchasing power of the gold dolwhen the train was dark he—that he—that

smiling brightly, "and thanks to you which the men were to work when re- not so disastrous to the Democratic

how the dreadful, gloomy morning has from the last reddening trees Jem and been thurned to such bright sunshine by your coming!"

been thurned to such bright sunshine by your coming!"

by your coming!"

ple marriage service. Then came the into effect.

heretofore. After the force was read overwhelming popular majority the force was read overwhelming popular majority that against it. These are now being put is this table, which proves that a charge of about 30,000 votes in eight

could fix things up," he went on eager-ly, "and make the chickens lay eggs struggled back from the listle cemetery

ly, "and make the chickens lay eggs and the cow give milk and—and"—

Jem stopped, but the widow's respectful attention led him on.

"I could earn my board in saving things that's goin to waste. When I come through your wood lot this mornin, I noticed cords an corda of dead trees that ought to be cut an made firewood of. An as for timber, there's more'n around approvingly over the snow cov\$100 wuth there that'll be spiled if it cord fields—"I d'no's I blame her. The The boy healtated, amazed at his audacity, but the widow nodded her head and smiled approval. "That's true, Dealer.

Horace Greeley once mid: "The o, then, it is a bargain."

And so this strange partnership beof again putting gold into circulate way to resume is to resume," speaking gan. The first winter Jem spent in after the war. But you may say 're-thinning out the superfluous wood in sume' any number of times to that tor-the neglected lots, stacking up behind pid liver of yours and it wouldn't the house enough fuel to satisfy even the cravings of that yawning fireplace for years to come and selling to the sawmill on the pond timber for shipment that came to outs \$500.

performed than it had ever before experfenced. In front of the western door
he threw out a platform, protected by a
lattice work covering, and here the
widow passed all the spare time she
could snatch from her indoor duties. It
had never occurred to any one before
Dollars a month, and steadily increasthat farm work might be made attractthat farm work might be made attractthat farm work might be made attractthat farm work might be made attract-

DOWN THEY GO.

Wages of Workingmen Still being Reduced in the Face of Promises Made.

Cmcago. Nov. 18 .- The Pullman Palace Car Company has reduced the wages of the employee of the big shops 15 per cent. This not only applies to the few men who were emplies to the few men who were em-ployed regularly, but to all those who An interview with Mark Hanna is much were laid off until the election of Me-Kenley should bring prosperity, and farmers and laborers in the Western who are now gradually being re-emre-employed workman must contract to live in the town of Pullman allism and international agreemen and pay rent to the company.

Thousands of employes were laid off about a month before the election by The Evening Post, supposed to mos the Pullman concern, the excuse be- nearly reflect Wall Street opinion, for them. This was the story told the that there is going to be an employee, but there are said to be national conference. other reasons which the company

failed to make public. their employes because of the high change." rate charged for dwellings and they also sought homes outside of Pullman. All this was great financial loss to the

It was declared that all employes Cynthiana. They manage to get about should patronize those who gave them as much fun out of the result one way time. employment. It was then decided to as another. The Bourbon News gives take arbitrary action in order to carry the following account of how the Bryan out the plans of the company and folks paid their election bets in a public to that end a wholesale reduction in the parade: forces was made. The claim that the times were hard was used simply, it Huff, Republican District Chairman, is claimed, as a ruse to deceive the em- leading a mule on which Con Cor-

live in its houses, and it is claimed Ellis House, pulling a potato on a there must be young life there. A pair that no one has been taken back who fifty-foot rope; by his side, Mr. of brown eyes persisted in dancing behas not made such a contract. Pollmeyer, treasurer of the Bryan fore his face, in wood pile, in field, in Residents of Roseland, Kensington and Club, pulling a peanut by a rope of other little towns are not pleased over the same length; Dr. Ware followed, this move of the company, and the

and the homesick New England lad.

"It is the happiest Thanksgiving dinner I have had in many a year, my could 'tend to alone."

"That's so, Jem," said the widow, away the dishes and brought out the smiling brightly, "and thanks to you Under branches of autumn leaves coive as high wages for their work as party, even if there was a big electoral heretofore. After the force was re- and overwhelming popular majority

stay, Jem?"

"I could, ma'am, if I could come as

—as partners."

It was out at last, the boy's yearning for something as his own and the chance he saw upon the widow's farm. "I feeble voice answered his repeated calls.

Three data have been nor the could that assailed the feingion of Jesus Christ, and he said he should have become an infidel but for three things: First, I am a man. I am going somewhere. Tonight I sm a day nearer the grave than I was last night. I have read all that such books can tell me. They shed not one solitary ray of hope or light upon the darkness. They shall leaned upon an unknown arm as calmly decoction. as a child goes to sleep on the breast of its mother. I know that was not a dream. Third, I have three motherless daughters (and be said this with tears in his eyes.) They have no pro- should study the Curfew law or ordi tector but myself. I would rather kill nance. The idea started in the West

> eachings of the Gospel." Gibson to Illustrate Dickens. Ledies' Home Journal said:

tirely new?"

swered the editor.

and his two daughters; David Copper field; Dick Swiveller and The Marchioness; Old Scorge, from "A Christmas Carol;" Caleb Plumer and his blind daughters, and other characters from Dickens. The Journal will present the entire series during 1897.

[Hopkinsville Independent.]
international-agreement claus in the Republican platform is already discussed, in which he said:

Giving Them Trouble.

cities were won over by explaining ployed. In adition, it is said, each to them that we stood on the St Louisplatform, which advocates bimet and that we were not gold monometal

ing that the silver agitation had in- says: "Nothing has done more to inred business and that until McKinley bring us to our present pass than was elected there would be no work the persistent maintance of the belief

"There is not the slightest to expect any such thing. If this In the first place, there were many international-agreement talk be kept ing, debonnair chap, with an inclinaworkmen who lived in Roseland, Ken- up we shall have no sound financial tion toward a flirtation, if the girl was sington and towns near Pullman. They legislation this winter. We shall have pretty and with lots of experience. had bought little homes and were only more compromises and makeshifts. paying for them with money earned The only way out of this muddle and in the Pullman shops. The number and the only way to prevent a re- trip pleasant that I couldn't belp thankof these has been gradually increas appearance of Bryanism four years ing him, and from that we got to talking and as a result many houses in hence is to stop such talk and say we ing about other things"—was Miss Liz-Pullman have been vacant a long are a monometallic nation with a gold nie's explanation of how it came about time. There were also many work- standard, and do not care who knows that before the train had gone even men who did not care to rent from it, and we only use silver for small half way to the journey's end, she and

Some Election Fun.

It does not make much different

"In the lead was the Hon. James rigan, silverite, was mounted. Then fol-In increasing its forces now the com- lowed part Cynthians of the band; next pany requires that all workmen shall came Mr. W. Ellis, proprietor of the pushing D. B. Vesch in a hand cart carrying a dead rooster, with A. Lall

is this table, which proves that a change of about 30,000 votes in eight

Jem turned to the window to hide some tears that would persist in squeezing themselves out of his eyes. "I wish she wouldn't be so sentimental," said he to himself quite wrathfully. But to the widow he said: "Why, ma'am, I ain't done nothin great—no more'n you'd have done for me, I'll bet. I ain't enjoyed a dinner so myself sence I can remember. I wish I could jest stay here all the time."

A new light came into the woman's faded gray eyes born of a thought that had been struggling for expression for an hour or more. "And why can't you stay, Jem?"

ple marriags service. Then came the country wedding supper.

When the last guest had gone, driven when the suggest had gone, driven beautifully supper.

When the last guest had gone, driven way is the farm wagons that had clustered around the door all afternoon, the widow turned to Jem and Susie, sitting bashfully in the Srelight.

"You're my children, now, both of you," she said. "Call me mother just once, Jem and Susie."

"Mother!" oried Jem, taking the feeligh hands together and kinsing them tenderly. "My darling mother, dearest friend I ever had!"

South Dakota. 500

West Virginia 6,000

West Virginia 6,000

Totals 27,300

These 57 votes taken from Mr. Mo-

These 57 votes taken from Mr. Me-Kinley's 280 and added to Mr. Bryan's 167 would give Mr, Bryan a bare ma-

yority. A cup of muddy coffee is not wholesome, neither is a bottle of muddy medicine. One way to know a reliable not take away the only guide and leave and skillfully-prepared blood-purifier me stone blind. Second, I had a is by its freedom from sediment. Ayer's mother. I saw her go down into the Sareaparilla is always bright and sparkdark valley where I am going, and she ling, because it is an extract and not a

A Good Law.

The citizens of every community them than leave them in this sinful and is rapidly moving East. It differs world if you blot out from it all the in detail in some cities, but its main idea is the same.

It aims to keep children under 15 or

16 years of age off the streets at night after a certain hour unless accompanied were chatting together in the former's by an older person. The hour general-studio one day, when the editor of The ly fixed is 9 o'clock. In some towns it is 8 o'clock. The bells ring at the hour, "Why don't you drop the American and after ten minutes if a child is found girl, Gibson, and try something en-on the street, unaccompanied by a tirely new?" "What is there new?" asked Gibson. taken to its parents and cautioned. "Tilustrate Dickens," laconically an- The next offense brings a fine and punwered the editor.
"Illustrate Dickens!" repeated Gib- The idea was first received with ridi-"Why, man alive-" Just then cule, but is now in successful operation the artist's mother came into the in over three hundred cities and towns, studio. "Mother," he said, "what have some as large as Omaha and Topeka, I always told you I would rather do in and in no case has it been discontinthe way of illustration than anything ed. All mayors of cities were it is in operation, speak highly of the results. of his dissapearance in Chicago and

Highest of all in Leavening Power.-Latest U.S. Gov't Report

A KISS THAT COST \$250.

A Pretty Girl Wanted \$5,000 Because a Railroad Conductor "Bussed" Her.

An Alabama court at Jacksonville has set the price of a stolen kiss at \$250, though the fair plaintiff, Miss Lizzie Kendrick, a pretty daughter of a Calboun county planter, set the price at

plaintiff, she was journeying one day on the railway of the defendant company from Anniston, Ala,, to Rome, The conductor was a good-look-

"He was so good to me, and did everything that he could to make the the gay conductor were chatting away as gayly as you please. The conductor employed the avenues of adroit flattery to win her girlish confidences, which way the election goes, up at and she-well, she frankly confessed to

the court that she liked him at the time.

At this point in her testimony the girl's pretty face became suffused with blushes. She halted and hesitated for no apparent cause. "It was this way, you know—you see we had been talking about different things, and the first thing I knew the train became dark thing I knew the train became darkand, oh! Judge, must I tell it"-she tammered, while the blood went and came again into her cheeks, so that she was alternately as white as a lily and red like a peony.

"Yes, my child, don't be afraid, said the Judge, kindly, while not a ghost of a smile played around the judicial

"Well, Judge, if I've got to. It was tunnel, and it was awful long. And when the train was dark he-that horit is a more serious undertaking to take an unwilling kiss. The chivalrous old planters in the room had a stern look ment was conclusive that it was fort-

miles away. The attorney for the road made no attempt to prove that the circumstances SLEEPER EVERY SATURDAY. surrounding the kiss were other than night, to connect direct at New Orleans those described by the plaintiff. Their the Southern Pacific of that solid vestibule to the "Sunset Limited." By Los Angeles and 15 as they did not, nor could not, control 18 the man's actions in such matters, although be was their employe.

The jury deliberated for over an hour

and reported a verdict of \$250.

"I am cosmopolitan in my likes, said the doctor, "because I have travele so much. Therefore pardon me when I say that I want my turkey stuffed with little English oysters and trimmed with French fried potatoes. Each year there is a little wicket fence of the brown potato strips placed around the turkey, and when he is brought in he looks like a picture in a child's story book. 'And can't the poor turkey get out of that fence?' asked my little granddaughter

An old fashioned Thanksgiving demands a midday dinner. Whatever fashion may dictate on other days she should not be listened to on this one, particu larly when there are children to be con red. -Exchange.

When you awake on Thanksgiving morn, you will doubtless feel a cynical questioning as to whether you have any

cause for gratitude or not. You un-doubtedly have. You should be thankful that convention does not require you to be publicly grateful but once a year. Be thankful that nearly a month intervenes between the Thanksgiving tur key and the Christmas goose and that you have time to recover from the effects of one before attacking the other. Think over the gifts you have to buy before Christmas and be grateful with your whole soul because the custom of making Thanksgiving presents does not prevail also.—New York World.

Ab. Power's Queer Experience.

The strange hallucination that took possession of Ab. Powers at the time that farm work might be made attractive. The widow had only looked upon the beauties of her farm around her through the kitchen window or during a hasty trip to the well or farmyard. The latticed porch was a revelation to a small investment.

The latticed porch was a revelation to a many part of the standard of summer.

"I never thought I should take such competence of the farm and go away. But now, Jem, I want to live here the rest of my Jem, I want to live here the rest of my Jem, I want to live here the rest of my Jem, I want to live here the rest of my Jem, I want to live here the rest of my Jem, I want to live here the rest of my Jem, I want to live here the rest of my Jem, I want to live here the rest of my Jem, I want to live here the rest of my Jem, I want to live here the rest of my Jem, I want to live here the rest of my Jem, I want to live here a three the rest of my Jem, I want to live here a three the rest of my Jem, I want to live here the rest of my Jem, I want to live here a three the rest of my Jem, I want to live here a three the rest of my Jem, I want to live here the rest of my Jem, I want to live here a three the rest of my Jem, I want to live here the rest of my Jem

pearance in Chicago. He mid the night he left the Cuban relief storenot finish the letter he was writing, does not know-he walked one block east of Michigan avenue and then for a time all is blank; but he knows that he weeks unable to recollect where he left his wife and children, or anything about them. He says he sold books and did rough work of various kinds, and when or how he left Chicago ne dose not know. He remembers to have wakened up once out in the country after eleeping in an outbuilding and feeling very cold. Next he was down South painting signs. It is all faint recolection to him. He has no recolection of his meeting Ed. Hawes at Union City, Tenn., and being brought back to Owens-

without them he was allowed to go to them at Riverton, Ala. He was so fully restored that he was permitted to make the trip alone.

boro by Mr. Chipman. When he ar-

rived here he was in a wretched

recovered. As soon as his mind was

restored he began to long for his wife

and children and was so miserable

To THE EDITOR:—I have an absolute remedy for Consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been already permanently cured. So proof-positive am I of its power that I consider it my duty to send two bottles free to those of your readers who have Consumption, Throat, Bronchial or Lung Trouble, if they will write me their express and postoffice address. Sincerely, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 123 Pearl St., Bew Tork. my The Editorial and Business Managem this Paper Guarantee this generous Proposit

on their faces, and the muttered comunate for the conductor that he was on and after the night of November 7, 1896 from Cincinnati and Louisville a Pullman

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